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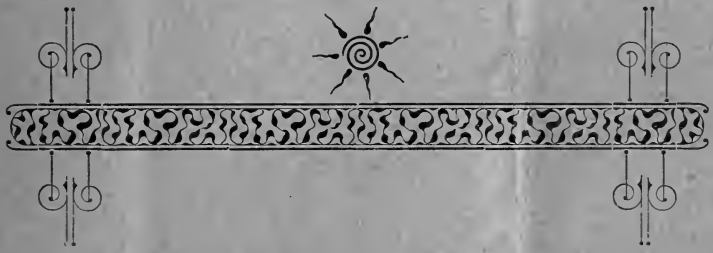
1837

REUNION

CLASS OF 1837

BOWDOIN COLLEGE

JUNE 22, 1887.



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PREFACE.

By way of apology for the delay of the issue of the within memorial record, it ought to be said, the difficulty of preparation of a more extended and semi-biographical sketch of the membership of the class of 1837, attempted as suggested by some, and the intervention of deep, dark death sorrows, in the family of the author, have essentially contributed thereto; and he trusts will be received by his classmates, as an excuse therefor.

Further, we are largely indebted to the zeal and co-operation of Rev. J. O. Fiske, of Bath, and the beneficent consideration of Hon. J. L. Cutler, of Quitman, Ga., for the publication made, and to Dr. Fordyce Barker, of the city of New York, for the elegant festivities of the occasion. To each, the thanks of the class are due, for efficient contributions to its success.

Rufus K. Sewall.

INTRODUCTION.

"Ah, me! the fifty years since last we met
Seem to me fifty folios bound and set
By Time —the great transcriber— on his shelves,
Wherein are written the histories of ourselves."

—*Longfellow*, *Reunion Class* 1825.

We open with our old teacher's closing address to his classmates at the end of their fiftieth year of graduation.

Our class was one of the largest entered at Bowdoin, if not the largest which had graduated up to that time, and among the last of the administration of the venerable President Allen. Surviving members in the neighborhood of Brunswick, desirous of a reunion on the fiftieth anniversary of our graduation, arranged therefor at Brunswick, Commencement of 1887, and by the partiality of his classmates, Rufus King Sewall of Wiscasset, acted as secretary in organizing the reunion.

The Rev. Dr. John O. Fiske of Bath, Maine, earnestly and ably seconded the movement.

Thereupon the following circular was sent to the address of all known survivors:

WISCASSET, January 1, 1887.

I have been requested to act in behalf of a committee of the class of 1837, Bowdoin, to arrange a semi-centennial reunion of the survivors, at Brunswick, June 22, 1887.

It is proposed to have a gathering of these survivors at the Tontine in the afternoon and evening, there to eat bread together; rehearse our post-graduate life experiences; renew our fraternal greetings; enjoy the reminiscences of college life; share our joys and sorrows; gather up what information we can of the departed and absent ones; and take probably our earthly farewell of Alma Mater and of each other.

We solicit your presence and aid, or greetings, with a brief resume of your personal history and family.

Affectionately and fraternally yours,

RUFUS K. SEWALL, *Secretary*.

REUNION.

There gathered at the Tontine Hotel, Brunswick, in an upper room as follows:

Fordyce Barker, M. D.,	N. Y. City.
Rev. Ammi Ruhama Bradbury,	Providence, R. I.
John Lewis Cutler, Esq.,	Quitman, Ga.
Rev. John Orr Fiske, D. D.,	Bath, Me.
Rev. George Warren Field, D. D.	Bangor, Me.
Joseph Hobson, Esq.,	Saco, Me.
Thomas Fitch Perley, M. D.,	Brigade Surgeon, U. S. A.
Rev. William Wilberforce Rand, D. D.,	N. Y. City.
Rufus King Sewall, Esq.,	Wiscasset, Me.
Rev. John C. Stockbridge, D. D.,	Providence, R. I.
Hon. George Foster Talbot, Esq.,	Portland, Me.
George Woods, LL. D.,	Pittsburg, Pa.

OPENING BY R. K. SEWALL, ESQ.

Brothers:—By the partiality of some of our fellows, by correspondence and otherwise, I was requested to aid in bringing about a semi-centennial reunion of the survivors of our class. To the best of my ability, under great disadvantages, I have endeavored to discharge the duties of the trust, the result of which is your presence here at this hour.

To perfect the purposes of this gathering and its occasion, it is proper we should organize by choosing some one to preside, and some one to act as scribe. Will you please nominate a presiding officer.

Dr. Fordyce Barker was chosen to preside over the reunion, and R. K. Sewall Esq., of Wiscasset, to act as scribe.

Social exercises were opened with prayer. Each one present was called on for a summary of his life experiences since graduation, and for information of the absent ones. It was an intensely interesting episode. The leaves of individual history so turned we leave to the privacy of personal recollection. Necrology of the class was presented.

ANSWERS.

Survivors of the class responded as follows:

PITTSBURG, May 2, 1887.

R. K. SEWALL, ESQ.,

My Dear Classmate:

Your circular announcing the proposed meeting of the class of 1837 was received. I propose to be there. As a last meeting—as one recalling the loved ones of our number gone—as recalling the college days and the successes and failures, joys and sorrows of fifty years, it will be a meeting of great, and in many respects, of mournful interest.

Will you oblige me by starring such of the unstarred names of the enclosed sheet as have passed over the river.

Hoping to see you in June, I am

Most truly yours,

GEORGE WOODS.

PLANTATION, BROOKS CO., GA., April 20, 1887.

My Dear "Rufus K:"

(It was thus we designated you nearly fifty years ago, —it seems but yesterday, —from the other members of the distinguished Sewall family.)

It is kind of you to act as secretary for the class in arranging for a reunion at the coming Commencement. I hope also, you will deem it a compliment to have been selected as such; for while the class of '37 is unanimously acknowledged (among its members) to have been the most intelligent body that had graduated at the college, there is no one among them who would have the hardihood to deny, that individually, they were the most self-sacrificing of men. But intelligence and self-sacrifice must be supplemented by a fondness for historical and genealogical facts, in the constitution of a class secretary; and so it should be plain to one less favored than those who were of the famous class, that the selection is an honor to the recipient.

And what a goodly array of saints the early catalogue of the class contains, does it not? The list commences with St. John and closes with St. George. Alas! that many are not numbered among the living; and again, Alas! that saints are so rarely canonized in their life-time.

But, my dear boy, I did not sit down to write thus; but you will allow that a septuagenarian (even of the class of '37) should be privileged to stray from the subject. Indeed, there are those who assert that the elder is the most interesting when he wanders from the text. Treating then, what has been written as "surplusage," as the lawyers say, this is to acknowledge the receipt of yours of the 5th inst., to thank you for acting as secretary, etc., and to say that I expect to be present at the class reunion and hope to meet all the surviving members at the gathering.

Very gratefully and truly,

J. L. CUTLER.

New York, 24, East 38th Street.
March 29, 1887.

My Dear Old Classmate:

I was delighted to receive your letter, and shall be present at the reunion of the Bowdoin class of 1837, on the 22d of June next, unless prevented by some unforeseen event which will make it absolutely impossible. I shall be greatly indebted if you will let me know how many of our class are still living, and how many you think it may be hoped will be at the meeting. I have a special motive for making the request, and shall be glad to hear soon from you.

I had a very pleasant letter from John Stockbridge, who was in our class a year or two, and would like to be at the meeting, and I should like to have him invited. I think Clark lives in San Francisco; he is a prosperous man, I hear, and I enjoyed having him dine with me a year or two ago. I often see Frank Upham, who is the only classmate I know in this city. Formerly, I met Rand occasionally, but I have not seen him for several years. I hope John Cutler will surely be with us, and many others whom I have not heard of for a long time.

I will do my best to make our gathering a joyful one.

Ever faithfully yours,

Fordyce Barker.

Kohala, Hawaii, H. I., March 22, 1887.

R. K. Sewall, Esq.,

Dear Brother:

Your favor of Feb. 14th came to hand a few days since. I thank the committee for the kind invitation to attend the class jubilee in the coming June. It would, of course, afford me great pleasure to look once more upon the faces of the few of those who continue to the present time. But this privilege is denied me. A wearing cough, contracted two years or so since, has brought me to a condition for which home is the only suitable place — and here I abide, my work mainly done, till called to the Father's house.

You ask me to write up my "life experiences." My life has been an uneventful one; or rather its events would scarcely interest those not immediately concerned therein.

We came to these Islands in May, 1841, after a six months' passage from Boston, and in this field, on the northern end of Hawaii, my life has been spent. It has been a life of perfect physical health and of steady, uninterrupted work,— or had been till about two years since. At that time I resigned the pastorate of this church, and committed the duties thereof to a Hawaiian successor.

During the forty-four years of my pastorate, several urgent calls came to me, to enter upon other service, both secular and ecclesiastical, in other parts of the Islands, but two thoughts steadily held me, viz: That I must persistently hold to the purpose for which I came hither; and second, that if by any possibility I might be able, under God, to effect anything of good for this people, it could be best done by a steady drill in one place. Hence, my continuance here.

My wife left me for her final home in 1881, my faithful companion, abundant in labor for our people and our family for forty years. She had borne me ten children, of whom two are not. Two are married and settled in the Islands with

families of ten children, united. Two are in the Fatherland, and one, a practicing physician, settled in this district. The others are with me, and will care for me til the time of my departure.

Very great changes I have lived to see on all sides of us—changes that will ultimately work for good to this feeble remnant of a perishing race; and far beyond that, for good to the future race to be here crystalized out of these heterogeneous nationalities now gathering on the Islands.

Just now we are under a cloud. The government is practically an absolute despotism. The outcome of it all as to time and condition is not easily predicted; but God reigns, and our only trust is in Him.

In spirit, dear Brother, I shall hope to be with you in your meeting, and pray for you each and all the blessing that maketh rich in every thing good and adds no sorrow therewith.

Most cordially,

Your classmate,

E. Bond.

Providence, R. I., April 7, 1887.

Brother Sewall:

Your favor came direct. The Lord willing, I expect to be at the Commencement in June and will try and report myself at the class union.

Dr. Butler, a Baptist clergyman, lives, I suppose, in Pawtucket, R. I. He did the last I knew.

I am very much attached to Latin and Greek. Soon after graduation I bought a Latin and Greek New Testament which every year I have read through once or twice. Seeing in our Brown University library, works on the hymns, songs or lyric poems of the Christian Fathers, I have translated several of them.

Mrs. B. joins me in sending our highest esteem for yourself.

Yours truly,

A. R. Bradbury.

New York, January 11, 1887.

Dear Brother Sewall:

Of course I shall try to attend the semi-centennial class meeting, and it now seems probable that I may be able to do so; but at this distance of time from the day one can only promise conditionally. As the 29th of June draws nearer, and definite arrangements have to be made, I will let you know what the probability is.

Woods expects to be there, I learn, and Cleaveland wants to, but fears he may not be able. Bond says that Woodman has invited him to make his home with him that week, and I wish we could persuade him to come.

Yours truly,

W. W. Rand.

PORTLAND, January 12, 1887.

Brother Sewall:

I most cordially return your kind greetings and good wishes. As to the proposed class meeting in June, I accede to it, and if I live shall doubtless be there to share its labors, satisfactions, and expenses. But it will be a grand occasion when we show our gray heads to each other and try to recognize our boyish looks in the disguises which age has thrown over us—all but you, who seem as young as ever. But now, do not make the occasion for me one of terror and haunting apprehension—it is bad enough anyway, to show our old heads among the golden youth that fill our old places—by dooming me to write a stiff, formal poem.

I have not ever quite disused the early habit of rhyming, and have dribbled some snatches of coarse song among my fugitive and occasional writings, and if the mood should favor, and anything come easily to my mind, I will whip something out of my pocket at the time.

But don't bind me to the service, or expect it; and above all, let any other fellow, who can, or thinks he can, or wants to write verses, bring along as many as he pleases and read them, or prose either,—excepting Field's and Fiske's old sermons, Rand's pungent tracts, your historical and my political papers; those, you know would spoil any dinner.

May all we old fellows live to then, when we will pipe and grumble the old songs as well as asthma, and coughs, and bad teeth will let us.

Ever yours,
GEOGE F. TALBOT.

NEW YORK, June 18, 1887.
44 West 35th St.

My Dear Classmate and Friend:

My *heart* is *with you* in *all* you are so *well* doing to make the reunion of the class of 1837, what it ought to be, as that of a class forever memorable in the annals of our alma matter;—and of whose fame, *truly* you can say,—"magna quorum pars fui."

I write a few words from my heart, which you will please make known to our class at *that* meeting, which I hope and pray may be followed by a meeting happy and forever in heaven.

Sincerely yours,
FRANCIS W. UPHAM.

FORDYCE BARKER, M. D.

My Very Dear Friend:

Please make known these words from my heart:—

To My Classmates of 1837.

I love them. I always did love them. I love them all; never more than now. And I pray for them, and *theirs, to the latest generation.*

FRANCIS W. UPHAM.

FORDYCE BARKER, M. D.

PERU, INDIANA, April 13, 1887.

RUFUS K. SEWALL, ESQ.,

Dear Sir:

I received your favor of the 5th instant, asking me to meet classmates at Brunswick. I shall be most happy to do so, but fear I shall not be able to make the meeting. The fates to me have been adverse. Last winter my house burned, entailing a dead loss or $2,000 of $3,000 thereby cutting off an income of $750.00 per year; and although I have some left, it is in real estate and not ready money and not easily converted into coin.

My health is good only a touch of gout now and then, showing perhaps that I have not suffered for good things.

Should fortune favor I will make an effort to meet you otherwise, I will send my greeting.

Yours truly,
S. W. TALBOT.

PERU, INDIANA, June 5, 1887.

RUFUS K. SEWALL, ESQ.,

Dear Sir:

I write to you to say that circumstances will not permit me to attend our semi-centennial Commencement as it would afford me great pleasure to do so if I could, but I hope all our classmates who do meet will have a right good time. I will say for myself that my health is good excepting a touch of the gout, now and then, and that I enjoy life and am about as comfortable as an old bachelor (living in a hotel) could expect to be.

When I left Bowdoin I went South and spent three or four years teaching; after that I returned to Maine and read law, and was admitted to the Oxford Bar, when, after a while, finding the practice uncongenial to my inclinations I laid down my law books and went West to engage in Railroad building, which I followed for several years with no great success until the fever and ague took me down and nearly carried me off; after recovering I again turned my attention to teaching for three or four years, when I came to Peru, Ind., and here in one kind of business and then another I finally made a stand; serving the city for several years as Engineer, and doing outside jobs, till I have laid by almost all work and am determined to make the remainder of my sublunary journey easy and peaceful as possible, which I hope may be the fate of all my classmates.

And now with my kindest regards to you and yours and all enquiring friends I will say good bye for the present.

Yours truly,
S. W. TALBOT.

WORCESTER, MASS., May 31, 1887.
85 Woodland St.

Dear Classmate:

As the time for the proposed semi-centennial reunion of the class of 1837, is drawing near, and I have no expectation of enjoying the pleasure of being present, on account of the distance, and of my having recently visited family friends in Maine, I take this method of communicating my hearty greeting to those who shall be present. Although my life has now extended over three quarters of a century, and for some time I have performed little professional work, I have not dis-

continued literary labor, or other activities. Perhaps I may be able, through the blessings of God, to leave something that may have an influence when I am gone, as I desire. I have now resided in this city some four years, and in this state about ten, after leaving my last charge in New Hampshire, where I was pastor between twelve and thirteen years. I have preached only occasionally since. My pastorates in Maine covered about twelve years, previous to which I preached and taught, a few years in Ohio, after graduating at Andover. I was married to my present wife in 1852. We have been blest with three daughters, the two oldest of whom, after obtaining a good education, and teaching several years, went into a decline and passed away. The youngest, Sarah L., is now with us.

Our professors and many of our classmates have already gone the way of all the earth, and it cannot be long before we shall all follow. When we graduate from earth may it be to a higher seminary, and to a reunion that shall not be dissolved. The years spent at Brunswick, the classmates with whom I associated, and the studies there pursued, will supply some of my most interesting memories while life lasts. May the divine blessing be with you all to the end.

I will close by requesting you to favor me, after your meeting, with the names and residence of our surviving classmates, so far as you ascertain them, and some account of your meeting, as well as something more concerning yourself and family,

Very truly yours,

MARK GOULD.

QUINCY, ILL., April 25, 1887.

R. K. SEWALL, ESQ.,

My Dear Sir:

Yours of the 18th instant, in behalf of a committee of the Bowdoin class of 1837, addressed to my brother, Charles A. Savage, reached me in due time, and I have only in reply to respond that he also has joined the majority. I wish he could have been with you for one reunion of his class, before the final emigration. The accompanying daily, of this city, will give you an outline sketch of his career.

I wish you a very happy gathering at Brunswick, the next Commencement, and that you all may so enjoy it that it shall not be the last. The '33s expect to have one meeting more.

Very truly yours,

WILLIAM T. SAVAGE.

(Bowdoin 1833).

PROVIDENCE, R. I., March 23, 1887.

My Dear Old Classmate Sewall:

I have been wondering for some time whether the class of 1837, of Bowdoin, would celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of its graduation at the Commencement in June. Last Friday I was in New York, and saw Rand, who said to me that some steps had already been taken, looking to the proposed celebration. Barker, also, has expressed the wish that there might be a meeting of our classmates in June—Woods and Bradbury have intimated to me their intention to be present at the gathering. Although I did not complete the college course at Bowdoin, I have always felt a peculiar regard for the collegiate associates of my early life, and

if the plan proposed is carried out, I shall try to be with you at the time mentioned, June 22, '87. Our Commencement at Brown University, of the Corporation of which I am a member—will occur June 15, so that I can get away without interfering with any engagement in connection with our University.

I can hardly guess how many members of the class will be at the proposed meeting. Many of them, I know, have gone from the land of the living, but I have the impression that some fifteen, perhaps more, are alive. I fancy we shall have to look long and closely to each other to recognize in the venerable gentlemen who will assemble at the Tontine on the afternoon of the 22nd of June, the boys who, a half century and more ago, were tramping across the college campus in Brunswick. How freshly come to my memory the experiences and the companions of those young days. I must have been one of the youngest members of the class, only 15 years old when I entered college, the other extreme was Warren "pater omnium." But I will not indulge in remeniscences. These will be more properly in order when we meet.

I enclose the accompanying which will let you know about a literary work, in which I have been engaged, for some time, and which, as you will see, has found its way into a large number of libraries in the United States. I think you have what bears the name of the "Social Library." If they wish for a copy my address is given in the circular.

If I hear nothing to the contrary, I will take it for granted that the class meeting will take place and will govern myself accordingly.

Truly yours,
J. C. Stockbridge.

Harbor Creek, Erie Co., Pa., May 23, 1887.

Dear Bowdoin Classmates of 1837*:*

It would give me great pleasure to meet with you, at the semi-centennial in June, but, while my general health is good, some little ailments forbid my being so far away from home, for so long a time.

I am the more desirous of being with you, as I have not visited "Bowdoin" since graduating, and, unless I come now, I will never see the old college again; besides, I have met *with only a very few* of our classmates since we parted fifty years ago, and if present at the "*reunion*," I should probably see *most* of the class who are now living.

If unable to be present, I am "solicited" to send my "greetings" and "a brief resume of my personal history and family."

My *cordial* "GREETINGS" you have, and, *below*, are fragments of my personal history and family, partly in sermon-like divisions.

1. I am thankful for my good health all through my professional life.

I have not lost a single Sabbath by sickness since I commenced preaching in Sept. 1841. Saturday afternoon, July 1st, 1865, I was struck with lightning, and did not recover consciousness for a number of hours; of course I did not feel able to preach the next day. With this exception, I have not *once* failed, from disability, to fill my pulpit for these forty-six years. I attribute my extraordinary health to the blessing of God, and *mainly*, among the *secondary* causes, to wife's wholesome cooking.

2. I am thankful that God has spared the wife of my youth to be the *companion* of my old age.

Bear with an old man, if I say, in confidence, to you —my classmates—all of you old men too—that, *much* as I thought of my wife when we were married, I think much more of her now after our united life for forty-three years and eight months.

3. I am thankful to God for our children.

We have had *seven* in all, our *third* child—Mary Rebecca—died at the age of two and a half years. Our sixth—John Atwood—died at the age of three and a half. In one of our little social meetings—the topic being—Causes we have for thanksgiving—wife said, "I am thankful that I have two little children in heaven."

Our eldest child—George Chamberlain—was book-keeper in a Bank for several years ; latterly, he has been an invalid.

Our second child—Abbie Doane—studied at Mt. Holyoke Female Seminary—married Mr. A. N. Elliott, now resides in St. Paul, Minn., and is an active worker in the Dayton Avenue Presbyterian church of that city. They have had *five children*. Two sons only survive, Ralph Woodberry and Carroll Cleaveland.

Our fourth child—Edwards Park—graduated at Western Reserve college and Union Theological Seminary, New York city, is an ordained Presbyterian minister, at present Professor of Rhetoric and Elocution in Adelbert college, Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio. He married Miss Hattie Sykes—they have one child —Shervill Atwood.

Our fifth child—Herman Doane, formerly civil engineer—is now in business near Cornwall on the Hudson, is an elder of the Presbyterian church in the place of his residence. He married Miss Ella Genung ; they have had one child which died in infancy.

Our youngest child—Robert Moorehead—in some respects the *liveliest* of all our children—is in business with his brother-in-law, at St. Paul ; he is yet unmarried.

We feel thankful that all our living children have publicly confessed their faith in Christ.

And what more shall I write? What there is *bad* about me I don't WANT to tell you, and if there is anything good, it does not become ME to speak of it.

Allow me the *following*—which is neither *good* nor *bad*. Weighing about two-hundred pounds, I am of *necessity* a little portly—*some* would say *dignified* in my bearing, and when I am dressed my nicest, sometimes, those who don't know me think I *am* somebody. Will you believe that I was taken, in *New York city*, too, for Dr. Howard Crosby—and in St. Paul, last summer for ex-President Hayes, and, that it was asked if I was PRESIDENT Cleveland? It is even so. You see I come also, so near being a *great man* as to be *mistaken* for one. I am pleased to see, by the *History of Bowdoin*, that many of you—my classmates—have *achieved* not *seeming*, but *real* greatness, in the world's esteem.

After leaving Andover, I spent the greater part of one year in supplying the pulpit of the 1st Cong. church, Marblehead, Mass. I have passed the *whole of my ministry since*, in different churches, in the county in which I now reside. I have been "*called*" to churches elsewhere, but did not see my way clear to accept.

Last summer I spent my four week's vacation in preaching for the Dayton Ave. Pres. church, St. Paul, to which my children belong ; there I had the pleasure of meeting Hon. Edward Webb—class of 1838—who is a respected member of the session of that church.

I still preach twice and attend Sunday school, every Sabbath, and perform pastoral labor during the week. Of course, now in my seventy-second year, I cannot expect to be able to perform the stated labors of a pastor much longer. It is with a feeling of relief that I look forward to the approaching *end* of my labors and *cares*, and to the beginning, I hope, of something better.

I congratulate you—my classmates—on the *honors* you have won, on the good you have done, and sympathize with you in the TRIALS common to us all.

May you have a pleasant time at the semi-centennial.

The Lord grant that we may meet an unbroken class in that world, where there is no growing old, no separation, no imperfection.

Yours affectionately,

G. W. CLEAVELAND.

EBENEZER STOCKBRIDGE.

A CLASSMATE'S REMINISCENCES.

The venerable Ebenezer Stockbridge is still alive, now acknowledging an age of 80 years and upwards. The ministers in our class seemed to have been blessed above the rest of us with long life. The aged Stockbridge betook himself to Tennessee and was there a teacher and preacher after the Methodist persuasion. He lived in Greenville quite near the Hermitage, and, as Gen'l Jackson whom you and I in our youth worshipped as a hero and patriot, did not die till 1845, perhaps our classmate sometimes visited him, and may have closed his eyes. Women looked on our dry old brother with loving eyes, who can understand the mystery of their deep affections: one of these a New York lady became his wife and the mother of two of his children. When she died Ebenezer did not quite loose his courage; he said in his devout way, the Lord's will be done and looked around for another wife. This time a *planteress*, a woman with a plantation and slaves forsooth, saw the good man in his sorrow and pitied him, and took him to her plantation and to her bosom. How he managed the slave business I do not know, but in a worldly way he prospered, raised cotton and corn and hogs as you do, and rejoiced in the fruits of the labor of his wife's chattels as you never did. When the war came Ebenezer got the privileges of a *non-combatant*, though what combats went on in his domestic life between his slave-holding wife and himself only the neighbors and church members know. Ebenezer did not draw the sword in the cause which he secretly espoused, but he brandished the sword of the spirit, and in his evening and morning prayers remembered the North and bespoke the Lord's blessing upon her armies. How madame behaved I am not informed or what missiles she threw at the head of her worshipping spouse. This kind of opposition, however, did not dismay him, and when Grant and Buell and Sherman and Thomas were smiting the rebels hip and thigh, Stockbridge was bespeaking the Lord's intervention to help on the good work. Once, however, the prayer became dangerous and lifted poor Ebenezer into the attitude of a patriot and a martyr.

Mrs. Stockbridge had a brother who was a brigadier in the rebel army, and on one of his furloughs he made her a visit. The family prayer could not be omitted. Somewhere in it along after the petition that the chosen people of Israel might be brought in to the inheritance of grace, came the *formula* for the divine blessing on the armies, that with the sword of the Lord, are endeavoring to restore the authority of the government. Whether from the dogged obstinacy of his patriotism or his willingness to antagonize his wife and all her relations, or because the habitual ritual had become a sort of song which sang itself out, the heedless Ebenezer let fly his Union prayer into the very teeth of the kneeling brigadier, who gathered himself up in a towering passion and left the house. A squad of soldiers appeared soon after at the door, and hauled away the poor old minister to jail whence he was transferred to Libby prison and did not get released till six months afterwards.

G. F. T.

DINNER.

In progress of arrangements for the closing services of this reunion at the table de hote of the Tontine, the following notice to the secretary by due course of mail made his classmates the guests of Dr. Barker, who thereupon presided at the table, bountifully spread as follows, viz:

1837—Bowdoin College—1887.

Class Dinner.

June 22, 8 P. M., Tontine Hotel, Brunswick.

MENU.

Clams.

Potages.

Creme Poullet a la Reine.

Consomme Italienne.

Hors Doeures.

Radis, Saumures, Olives.

Poisson.

Saumon Kennebec, Sauce Halandaise

Coucumbres, Pommes de terre Bermuda.

REMARKS

At the reunion, Dr. Barker proposed, that the members of the class present should be his guests at the dinner, which was acceded to with the thanks of his classmates.

The Doctor went farther and invited members of the classes of 1835, '36, '57 and '66 to sit and eat bread with the survivors of the class of 1837. The post paandial was well sustained, in narratives of incidents of college experiences, lead by the generous Doctor in an apt and felicitous opening.

Suffice it to say, that for four hours—an hour or more devoted to table service—brought out any amount of fun and anecdote of "ye olden time" as reported in the Brunswick Telegraph, whose Editor was of the party, seasoned by a poetic address, from Talbot, of sweet strains and sentiment, highly appreciated. A more genial gathering of college men, has rarely been held, under the classic shades of Old Bowdoin. Full details are out of place, if it were possible to give them.

The Doctor with his good wife, Mrs. Barker, were the recipients of the attention and grateful acknowledgments of the members of his class pres-

ent, who received with graceful courtesy, for an hour before the call to dinner.

The following poem by Hon. George F. Talbot, was read during the exercises.

AD SODALES.

I

I, coming with my lyre so late,
Were I more wise might deprecate
The recent pitiable fate
That fell on England's laureate,
Singing his verses out of season,
Lacking alike in rhyme and reason.

Younger than we our poet said,
Bowing to fate his regal head :
"Fancy departs no more invent ;
Contract thy spanning firmament
To narrow compass of a tent."
"Economize the failing river,
But not the less revere the Giver."
Let age hold back its ebbing veins,
Nor venture, after vigor wanes,
"Amid the Muses deaf and dumb,
Amid the athletes halt and numb."
For life's poetic side is youth,
Age, blest with vision of the truth,
No longer lured by Fancy's gleams,
Buys sober wisdom for its dreams.

II

Who is the untimely chronicler that learned
(Tide-waiter, reading fortunes in the moon)
As, watching signs, his almanac he turned,
Our classic jubilee had come so soon ?

O why not let the year unheeded pass
Like all the rest, with good and ill they brought ?
Why muster in their line our broken class,
To show the ravages that time has wrought ?

This is the place ; here are the pines and sand ;
Two venerable structures keep their sites ;
But gone is every scholar of the band
That led our halting steps up learning's heights.

"The old order changeth, giving place to new,"
New men, new manners and new laws we see,
And yet amid the changes that we view
Is nothing half so strangely changed as we.

For would the golden youth, whose lusty legs
  Spurn the tormented football o'er these plains,
Deem life worth having, low-drained to its dregs,
  The mind's regrets tempering the body's pains?

Or think that any worthy recompense
  Could come of wisdom, fame or wealth?
If these prized goods were purchased at expense
  Of youth's ideals and its robust health?

Doubtless we seniors in our grey disguises,
  With dentist art beaming our smiles of mirth,
Seem to these callow scholars life's grand prizes
  To have bought dearly and above their worth.

To celebrate our victory, not defeat,
  We favorites of fortune here are met,
Still from the west flashes its heat,
  The sun so early on our comrades set.

For were there summoned of our forty-three
  Each cleric, lawyer, editor and leech,
From fields of toil severed by land and sea,
Still twenty-two called to the O. M. degree
  Might say *adsumus* in our husky speech.

We might not know each other in the masks
  That age has stuck upon each youthful head,
But grasping hands to every one that asks,
  Might say, "Not know me? I am Tom or Ned."

And surely then some tone, some trick of face,
  Though over-scratched by many wrinkled line,
Back in our recognition would replace
  The boyish image of the *Auld Lang Syne*.

If not, some joke upon *Old Ferox* played,
  Some discipline incurred, some censure gained,
Or how, in guise fantastic all arrayed,
  The summoned students all turned out and *trained*,

Told o'er with mirth in all minute detail
  Might be the *Shibboleth*, and to all declare
The veteran, whose memories do not fail,
  Is no impostor, and in fact was there.

III

Can fifty years have sped with griefs and losses,
Few hard-won crowns and many hard-borne crosses,
Since from these halls as Bachelors of Arts
We fared, nor left more impress on our hearts?
For surely, never to our sanguine youth
Spread out more blooming, beckoning fields of truth,
Nor friendship bound our souls in ties more strong
Than loves we carry with our years along;

While hopes ambitious, that no longer stir
Our minds, to children's fortunes we transfer.
And so, although in heart or brain no traces
We note of the half-century, when our places
Another generation crowds to ask,
Gently reminding of our finished task,
There's naught for us but to these rivals bold
Yield up our honors, gracefully be old.

This too, as ours, is Britain's jubilee.
That summer in the far-off past that we
Frequented last these hallowed classic scenes,
Wise beyond measure in our later teens,
A girl just out of nursery and school,
A realm wide as the earth was called to rule;
Now midst a princely progeny she stands,
While gratulations from far subject lands
Salute her long and exemplary reign,
And blameless life, where censure finds no stain.
How in the span of her career and ours
Have grown to help mankind the magic powers
That subtly lurk in water, earth, and air.

And how has science builded stair on stair
Her bold ascent, and flashed her searching light
On peaks where Chaos sat, and ancient Night;
And sunk her plummets in the soundless seas,
And for locked secrets found the opening keys.
How thoughts have broadened, and the dykes of creed
Sunk to their pressure, till the waters freed
Have swept false systems and half-truths away,
And left old errors to their slow decay.
How criticism, with its fusing lamp,
Has tried anew convention's current stamp
Of greatness and of wisdom in the past,
And to the dust some cherished idols cast.
Perhaps in sanguine moods our hope presages
In the far future more auspicious ages,
When toil and care shall press with lighter weight,
And crowning honors, neither scant nor late,
Shall meet half way great thought and noble deed,
Nor death await fame's dilatory need;
When, disciplined in ampler knowledge, men
Shall more effectual work to bring again
The golden age, and make the vision real,
Alike of Faith and Fancy the ideal.

Had it been ours to choose from all the past
The age in which our fortunes should be cast,
Could we have found of seventy years a span
So rich in blessings to the race of man?
For in our day what righting of great wrongs!

What sundering of fetters and of thongs !
What swords of tyrants have been turned to rust !
What old abuses crumbled into dust !
Forth from the stage what masked impostures hooted !
What seeds of justice in rich uses fruited !
And what though we are old, and on our shelf
No more contrive to minister to self,
The world is young, and still immortal truth
Comes forth exultant in its vigorous youth,
And man is young, and with new-wakened mind
Begins his heritage of good to find,
To pull usurpers of his empire down,
And of his rightful throne to wear the crown.

IV

But why draw out these melancholy rhymes,
Ringing of jangled bells the dismal chimes ?
Call back too daring Fancy where she climbs
Steeps rough and high ;

For still my song blithe pitched to love and beauty,
Or brave deeds done on fields of public duty,
Sobering to *concio* trist *de senectute*,
Ends in a sigh.

As the skilled speaker, laboring his oration,
Talks on in quest of bursts of approbation
To cheer the splendor of his peroration,
And so just wrecks it,

So we, our lessons said, our tasks ill-ended,
Our records made too late to be amended,
Still vainly hope to achieve some action splendid.
To crown our *exit.*

Better sit placid o'er the expiring brands
Of life's low fire, at which, warming both hands,
We sit so late, and bide the high commands
That call us hence.

Some left us early, when the feast was young,
Their story unrecited, song not sung ;
Some lingered till the midnight chimes had rung.
Of Providence

We favorites—undowered with wit or worth—
In shrunken circle round the glowing hearth
Still keep alive the ancient jests and mirth.
O could we give

From the full treasure of our lengthened days
One-half to buy a franchised people's praise,
That binds on Andrew's head immortal bays,
'T were loss to live.

Yet not at such dear cost our generous host,
With fruitful toil and study still engrossed,
Keeps in the foremost rank of men his post;
While both worlds bear

Yearly new tributes to our Barker's name,
And raise him higher on the rolls of fame,
Showering new honors, where we each may claim
A classmate's share.

One word allow, at this our late class meeting,
The full half-century since the last completing.
We stand and give each other farewell greeting,
Tears in each eye.

Tears, love and joy can move them now, not fears.
Farewell. We go to face the shortening years,
Buoyed by the faith that all our spirit cheers,
And one by one to die.

The programme of a concluding leavetaking was broken up by the sudden dispersion of the survivors of the class before a call to that effect could be answered, after supper, and by the lingering personalities of the promiscuous guests at the table.

APPENDIX.

INDIVIDUAL DISTINCTION.

John A. Andrew, Governor of Massachusetts from 1861 to 1865. In history noted as the great war Governor, in suppressing the war of the Rebellion.

Elias Bond, distinguished as a missionary, to the Sandwich Islands, of the American Board.

Fordyce Barker, noted for his eminence in the medical profession and as a professor and practitioner, in the city of New York and Europe.

John J. Butler, noted in his denomination as a Theological Teacher.

John Orr Fiske, noted for his long service as an eminent Congregational preacher and successful pastorate, Winter St., Bath, Me.

George Warren Field, distinguished as a popular and able preacher and pastor of one of the leading churches of the city of Bangor, Me.

Thomas Fitch Perley, distinguished for his service as a surgeon, U. S. A. during the Rebellion.

William Wilberforce Rand, honored secretary of Am. Tract Soc., New York City.

Charles Alexander Savage, distinguished for his financial skill and success as a banker.

Hon. L. D. M Sweat a member of Congress.

Hon. George F. Talbot, U. S. Dis't Atty, for Maine District and for his literary taste and skill.

William Warren, as agent of American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

George Woods, Esq., eminent as a teacher, Chancellor Western University of Pittsburg, Pa.

The above members all have received honorable recognition from various Literary and Scientific Institutions, in this country and Europe.

BENEFACTIONS.

The members following have been recorded donors to the Treasury of Bowdoin college, in the sums following, viz:

Fordyce Barker $200.	Elias Bond, $1,600.
Geo. W. Field, $3,150.	John O. Fiske, $500.
William W. Rand, $75.00	John R. Shepley, $300.

William Warren, $150.

We know of smaller sums given by individuals to agents, not here recorded, or appearing on Treasurer's books.

NECROLOGY.

The dead line of this class opens with the head of its first division:

Hon. John Albion Andrew, LL. D., At Windham, Me. Born May 31, 1818; died October 30, 1867, Boston.

Nathaniel Bowman, A. M., born at Bath, Me., July 28, 1817; died 1847, St. Francisville, La.

John Reed Coffin, Damariscotta, born Nov. 16, 1817; died at Damariscotta, October 29, 1861.

John Ellery Foxcroft Dunn, born at Poland, Me., March 14, 1815; died at Waterville, 1854.

Andrew Dunning, born at Brunswick, July 11, 1815; died Thompson, Conn., March 26, 1872.

Jordan Goodwin Ferguson, born at S. Berwick, Me., Dec. 12, 1816; died at Middleton, Conn., Oct. 30, 1857.

Albert Ruter Hatch, born Greenland, N. H., Oct. 10, 1817; died Portsmouth, March 5, 1882.

William Hawes, A. M., born Boston, April 2, 1817; died in Boston, 1854.

Eliphalet Smith Hopkins, born New Portland, Sept. 20, 1812; died there June 26, 1861.

George Whitefield Lamb, A. M., LL. B., born May 9, 1818, Brunswick; died New Orleans, May 22, 1853.

Horace Lunt, born Jan. 7, York, Me., 1818; died Sept. 18, 1837.

Albert Merrill, A. M., born March 10,1812, at Frankfort, Me.; died at Portland, Feb. 13, 1876.

Edward Francis Mitchell, born May 15, Waldoboro, Me.; died there June 4, 1841.

William Daniel Morrin, A. M., born Edinburg, Dec. 17; died in West Indies.

Thomas Fitch Perley, born Feb. 23, 1816 at Bridgton; died at Naples, 1889.

Charles Alexander Savage, born Bangor, Oct. 26, 1814; died Quincy, Ill., Feb. 2, 1884.

John Rutledge Shepley, LL. D., born June 15, 1817 at Saco, Me.; died Oct. 11, 1884, St. Louis.

Samuel Silsbee, born Alfred, April 1817; died Jackson, Me., Nov. 1842.

William Warren, (Pater omnium) A. M., born at Waterford, Oct. 21, 1806; died Gorham, Jan. 28, 1879.

George Albert Wheelwright, A. M., born Jan. 3, 1818, Bangor; died in Wells, Sept. 8, 1882.

SURVIVORS.

Fordyce Barker, M. D., LL, D.,	24 East 34th St., New York City.
Rev. Elias Bond,	Kohola, Hawaii, Hawaian Islands.
Rev. Ammi R. Bradbury, now in North Carolina. Apply to Free Baptist Headquarters in Boston for his address.	
Rev. John J. Butler, D. D.,	Apply as above.
William Henry Clark, Esq.,	San Francisco, Cal.
Rev. George W. Cleaveland,	Harbor Creek, Erie Co., Penn.
Hon. John L. Cutler,	Quitman, Brooks Co., Ga.
Rev. George W. Field, D. D.,	Bangor, Me.
Rev. John Orr Fiske, D. D.,	Bath, Me.
Rev. Mark Gould,	Worcester, Mass.
Joseph Hobson, Esq.,	Saco, Me.
Bryce McL. Patten, Esq.,	Chariton, Iowa.
Chas. E. Pike, Esq.,	Boston, Mass.
John Q. A. Scammon, Esq.,	Saco, Me., as I suppose.
Rufus K. Sewall, Esq.,	Wiscasset, Me.
Rev. Ebenezer Stockbridge,	Greenville, Tenn.
Rev. Dr. John C. Stockbridge,	Providence, R. I.
Hon. L. D. M. Sweat,	Portland, Me.
Moses E. Sweat, M. D., Parsonsfield, Me., I suppose.	Lorenzo in Portland can tell.
Hon. George F. Talbot,	Portland, Me.
Isaac W. Talbot, Esq.,	Peru, Indiana.
Francis W. Upham, Esq.,	New York City.
George Woods, LL. D.,	516 Market St., Pittsburg, Penn.

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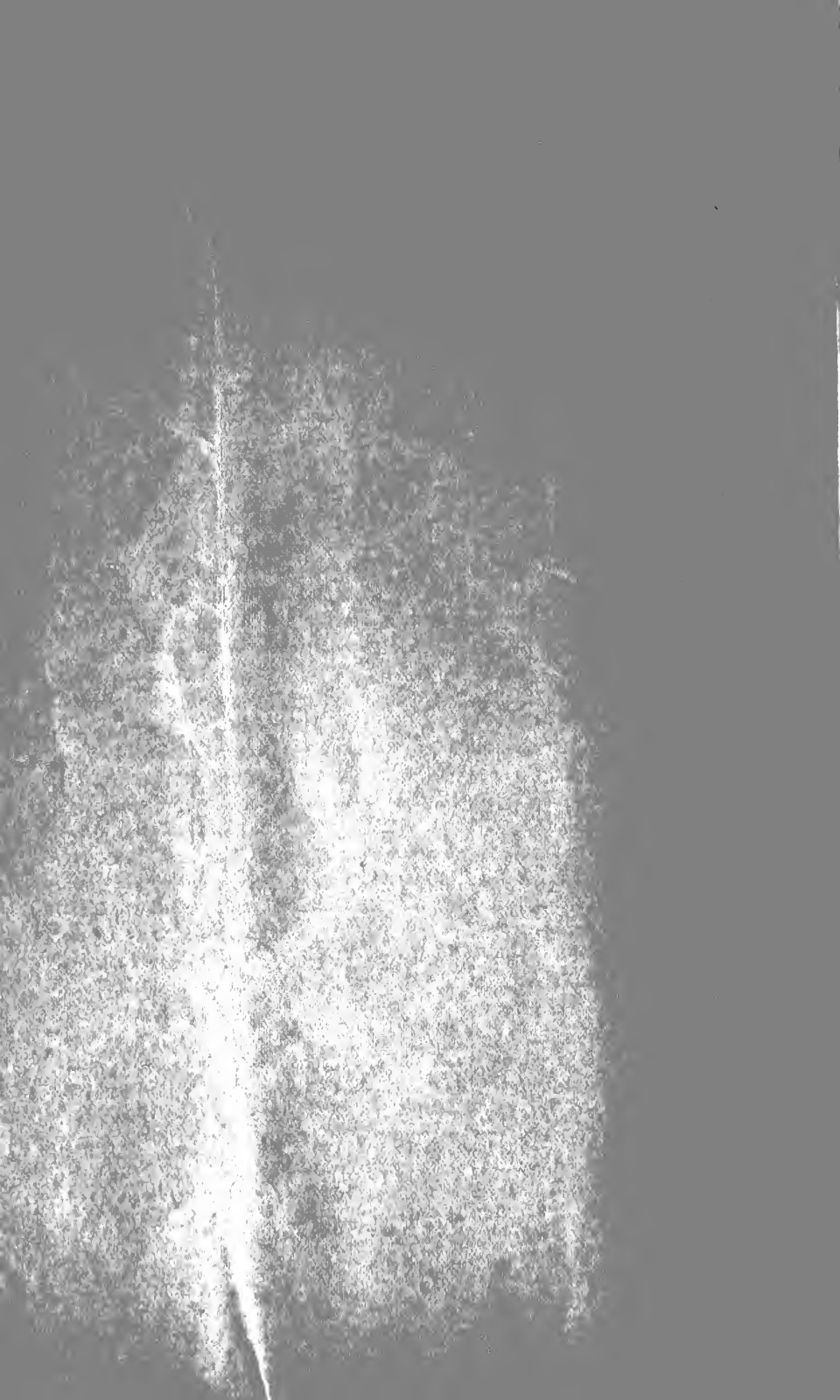

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